

VOL. 8 NO. 6

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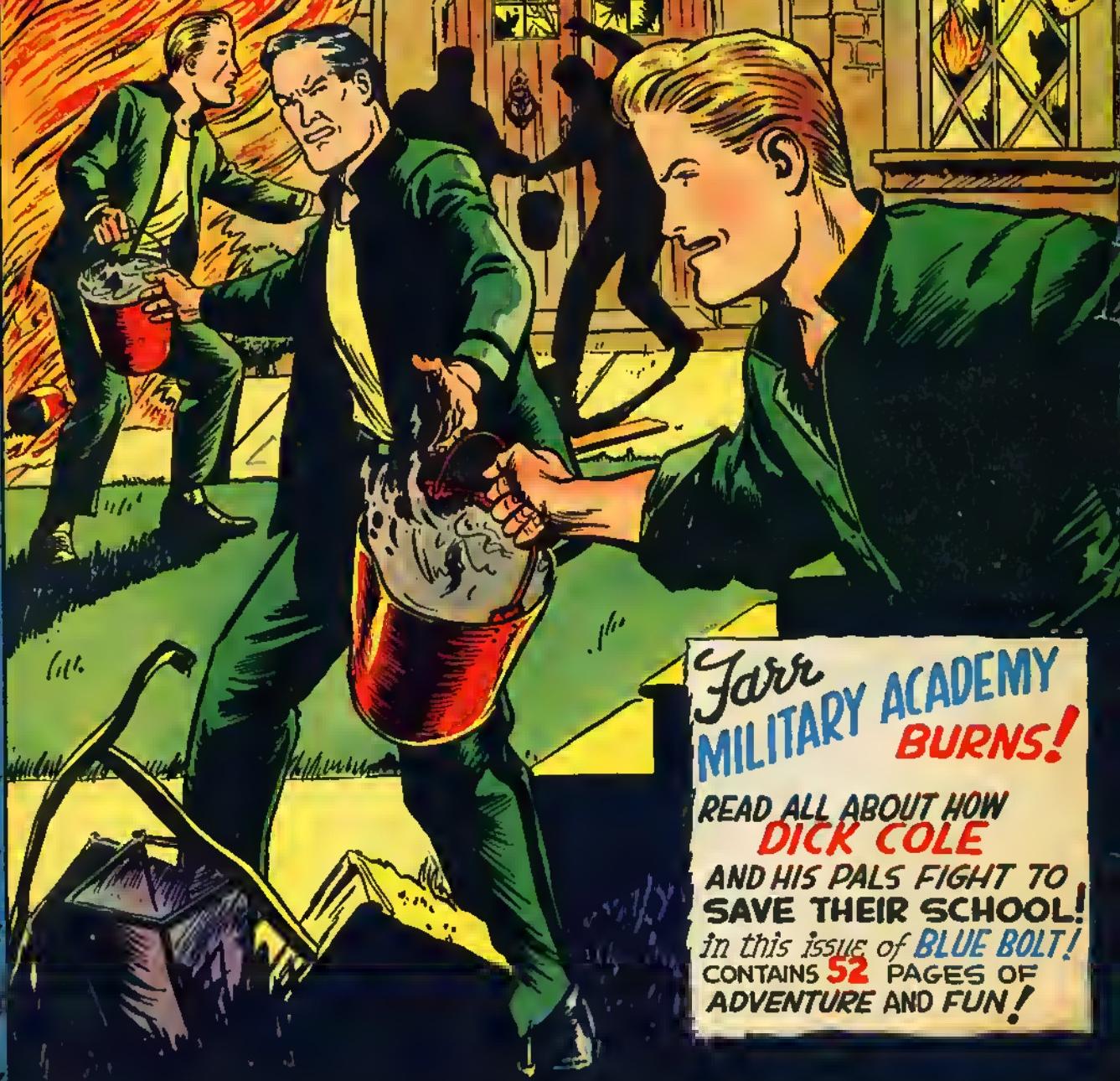


NOVEMBER

BLUE BOLT

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

FARR MILITARY ACADEMY



Farr
**MILITARY ACADEMY
BURNS!**

READ ALL ABOUT HOW
DICK COLE
AND HIS PALS FIGHT TO
SAVE THEIR SCHOOL!
in this issue of **BLUE BOLT!**
CONTAINS **52** PAGES OF
ADVENTURE AND FUN!

WEBGOMIC UNIVERSE.COM



BLUE BOLT FLASHES

NOTE FROM THE EDITORS:

Don't forget our government's Savings Bond Campaign. We citizens can help avoid hard times by storing up our extra money now—Buy Bonds. Save for your own future security and the security of our nation.

Here is a group of good letters from readers, with our answers beneath. Keep writing, gang, and we'll keep trying to please you.

THE READERS WRITE:

Dear Editors:

Let me congratulate you for the fine work done on the cover of the June issue of BLUE BOLT. It was an ideal picture for the baseball season. The colors were perfect, and I thought the picture of "Dick Cole" was simply divine.

I also thought the stories were outstanding. My favorite characters are "Dick Cole," "Blue Bolt," and "Edison Bell." I can't say I hate "Krisko and Jasper," but they are pretty silly.

I would like to see a movie of "Dick Cole." I think it would be even more outstanding than the comic feature.

Truly yours,
Keith Hall
Los Angeles, California

We're glad you liked the baseball cover, Keith. Would our other readers like more covers featuring sports?

* * *

Dear Editors:

I write to you so you may know that even in this faraway part of America we receive your comics and enjoy them.

I like your stories very much, but I am surprised that all the crooks and bad people in "Dick Cole" are black-haired, because there also are blond crooks, you know.

Adiós amigos, y gracias sinceramente.
Yours truly,
Alfredo Galvez Moran
Guatemala City,
Guatemala, C. A.

The crooks in BLUE BOLT are not all intentionally black-haired, Alfredo. In past issues, we have shown crooks with many different types of physical appearance.

* * *

Dear Sirs:

I like "Dick Cole," "Edison Bell," "Sergeant Spook," and "Fearless Fellers" the best, but the others are good, too.

I especially like the Q's and A's because last week in school we were hav-

ing English and I remembered the plural of thieves from question II, which made me get an A in English.

A faithful reader,
Don Teague
Lawton, Oklahoma

If you have any good questions for BLUE BOLT Q's and A's, Don, why don't you send them in to us?

* * *

Dear Sirs:

I have just finished reading the Volume 8, Number 1, issue of BLUE BOLT. I was reading and trying to answer the questions when I decided to send in a suggestion. I don't like to have to turn the book upside down. My suggestion is that you put the question on the right-hand side of the page and the answer right side up on the left-hand side of the following page. You would then have to turn a page over to see the answer, but it would be right side up.

Yours truly,
Everett Dunlap
Lawton, Oklahoma

Thanks for your suggestion, Everett. Perhaps our readers will let us know what they think of it.

* * *

Dear Editors:

I have just read the March 1947 issue of BLUE BOLT, and have got the April number as well, which were among a packet that a kind U.S. cousin sent me. I have had many such packets during the last two or three years and I thought you might like to have an Englishman's (age nearly 43) opinion of BLUE BOLT. I think it beats most, if not all, of the many other titles I have had. The only feature I don't care for is "Sergeant Spook," because it is supernatural, but I'm glad you don't go in for flying men. I like "Dick Cole" very much and the "Bolts and Nuts" pages are splendid. I like the questions and answers, too. Jolly good value for ten cents these days. Another thing I

like about BLUE BOLT is that the stories are all complete in each issue which means a lot to one who doesn't get every number.

One of our M.P.'s said in the House of Commons the other day that he thought these American comics were unsuitable for English children, and I'm inclined to agree with him as regards some of them, but I can't see anything harmful in BLUE BOLT. So I hope my cousin will always include BLUE BOLT in her packets of magazines and also hope you will keep it up to the present high standard. I really can't think of any way of improving it, except perhaps by running a puzzle or competition page. But, of course, your magazine is chiefly for youngsters and that might not interest them. I have some nephews who are very fond of reading them. With my very best wishes,

Yours truly,
B. Tabram
Horseheath, Cambs.

Thank you, B. Tabram, for that excellent letter. Occasionally you may find a puzzle in BLUE BOLT.

* * *

Dear Editors:

Ever since I got the first issue of BLUE BOLT comics, I have tried not to miss a copy. I trade books with my girl friends and they are always glad to get my BLUE BOLT books.

I think the illustrations are very clear and the printing is easy to read. I like the stories of "Dick Cole," and "Rick Richards" because they are full of adventure. I don't think you could improve the magazine even if you tried!

A faithful reader,
Barbara Lose
Williamsport, Pa.

We take special pains to make sure the reading IS clear in our books, Barbara. All our letterers must use a certain size letter when printing the balloons. In that way, we know you readers can read the stories easily.

ADDRESS YOUR MAIL TO BLUE BOLT COMICS, 119 W. 19th ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

\$1.00 will be sent to the writer of each letter published on this page.

DICK COLE

ONE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING: AN INJURED MAN STAGGERS INTO STATE POLICE HEADQUARTERS, TWENTY MILES SOUTH OF FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.



HE WAS A WILD-EYED,
ONE-ARMED CHARACTER.
I GAVE HIM A LIFT, THEN
HE SLUGGED ME, THREW
ME INTO A DITCH, AND
DROVE AWAY!

THAT MUST HAVE BEEN
THE PYROMANIAH!
WE JUST GOT THE
FLASH. HE ESCAPED
FROM THE STATE
MENTAL HOSPITAL.

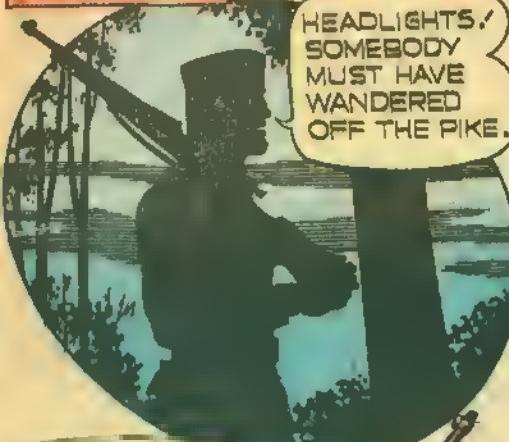
YOU'RE LUCKY
TO BE ALIVE!
WHEN HE PLAYS
WITH FIRE, HE
DOESN'T STOP
WITH A HOTFOOT!

A PYROMANIAH
LOOSE WITH A
A GASOLINE
TRUCK!
WHEW-E-E-E!

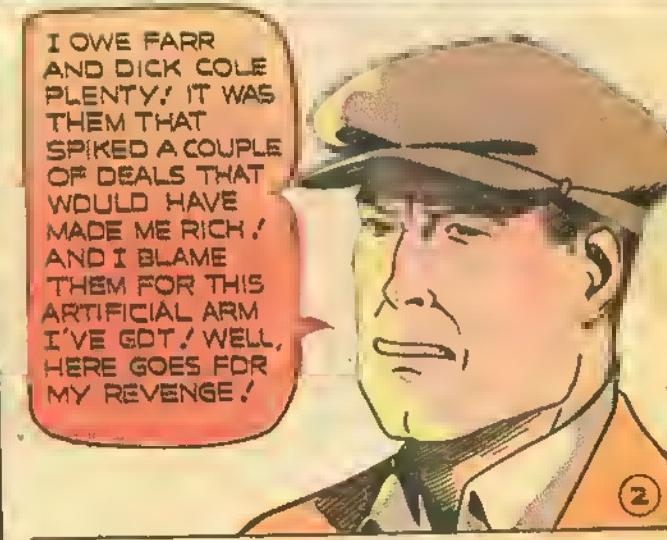
Robert D. Wheeler, Editor and General Manager
Jane Spaulding Nye, Managing Editor; Mel Cummin, Art Director
Alfred V. Fago, Art Consultant

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© ONE-THIRTY A.M. SIMBA KARNO,
ON GUARD DUTY, PAUSES BEFORE
THE ARMORY.



HALT! THIS IS A PRIVATE ROAD. YOU ARE ON THE FARR MILITARY ACADEMY CAMPUS, PRIVATE PROPERTY!



QUESTION No. 1. What does "A. M." mean?

DENNY, A CROOK WHO HAS SEVERAL TIMES RUN AFoul OF DICK COLE WITH DISASTROUS RESULTS TO HIMSELF, NOW HATES DICK AND FARR WITH ALL THE FURY OF A warped MIND.

I'LL DRIVE AROUND 'N' DRENCH EVERY BUILDING WITH GASOLINE!

AFTER I SOAK EACH BUILDING, I'LL LEAVE A TRAIL BETWEEN IT AND THE NEXT ONE. THEN - ONE MATCH WILL SET OFF THE WHOLE CAMPUS!

AWAKENS DICK
(SNIFF-SNIFF)
HMM... WHAT GOES ON?
(SNIFF) I'LL HAVE A LOOK-SEE!

QUICKLY,
DICK DRESSES.

I COULN'T SEE ANYTHING OUT THE WINDOW, BUT I SURE SMELL GASOLINE!

DENNY DRIVES TD THE END OF THE FARR CAMPUS.

MIGHT AS WELL START HERE.

TWENTY MINUTES LATER.

NOW FOR THE DORMITORIES! HA! SLEEP TIGHT, MR. COLE! YOU AIN'T NEVER GOING TO WAKE UP!

AS DENNY FINISHES DOUSING THE CAMPUS, THE NOISE OF THE TRUCK AND THE GASOLINE FUMES ...

AND AT THIS MOMENT, OUTSIDE...

THE CAMPUS IS DRENCHED FROM END TO END, SO HERE GOES! GOOD-BYE, FARR ACADEMY, AND SO LONG, DICK COLE!

DENNY FLIPS THE MATCH INTO A POOL OF GASOLINE !
INSTANTLY FLAMES RUSH ALONG THE GASOLINE TRAIL
FROM BUILDING TO BUILDING !

BEAUTIFUL ! LOVELY !
THEY WON'T HAVE A CHANCE !

GOOD GRIEF ! ALL FARR
IS AFIRE !

HORRIFIED, BUT KEEPING HIS
WITS, DICK RUSHES TO THE
NEAREST FIRE ALARM BOX.

AROUSED BY THE ALARM, THE WELL-DISCIPLINED CADETS MAKE AN ORDERLY EXIT.
ON THE DOUBLE, MEN !

CLANG !
CLANG !



WE'VE GOT
TO FIGHT
TO SAVE
FARR !

WE'LL FORM HOSE
SQUADS, DICK, AND -

IT'S NO USE,
FELLOWS. THE
FIRE'S TOO
WIDESPREAD !

EVEN OUR FIRE-FIGHTING
EQUIPMENT IS BURNING UP. ALL WE CAN DO IS
FORM BUCKET BRIGADES !



4

QUESTION
No. 2. What is a mason? Look at Picture 1 for a hint.

LED BY DICK AND BARK HALL, BUCKET BRIGADES FORM BUT FIGHT A LOSING BATTLE!

WOW! MY ARMS
ARE DEAD!

OH, MY ACHING BACK!

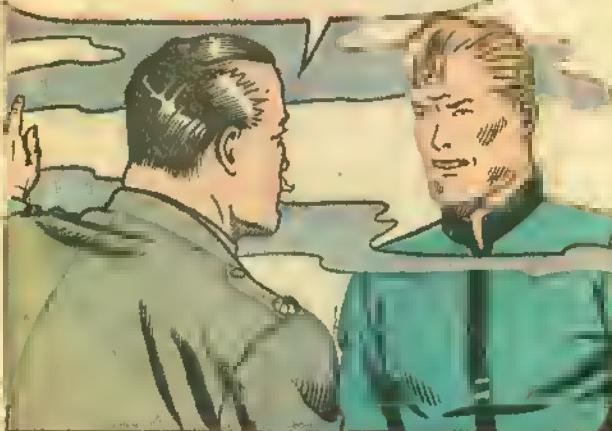
MY HANDS ARE
BLISTERED!

KEEP THOSE
BUCKETS MOVING!



IT'S NO USE, DICK. WE MUST RETREAT.
LOOK! THE ARMORY IS ON FIRE, AND
IT'S FULL OF HIGH EXPLOSIVES!

WHEN THE ARMORY BLOWS UP, WE
MUST ALL BE AT A SAFE DISTANCE!
FIRST, MAKE SURE NO CADET IS
MISSING!



ORDERS ARE BARKED, THE CADETS FALL IN,
ROLL IS CALLED. THEN -

ALL PRESENT OR
ACCOUNTED FOR EXCEPT
CADET SIMBA KARNO, SIR!

BUT WHERE CAN HE
BE? EVERY BUILDING
HAS BEEN SEARCHED!



EVERY BUILDING
EXCEPT THE ARMORY,
SIR. SIMBA MUST
STILL BE AT HIS POST
THERE. OTHERWISE
HE'D HAVE BEEN
SEEN!

GREAT
SCOTT!
HE'LL BE
BLOWN
TO BITS!



BARK HALL AND SLIP'RY FALL IN BEHIND DICK.

I'LL GO AFTER
HIM, SIR!

COUNT ME
IN, DICK.

I'M COMING,
TOO!

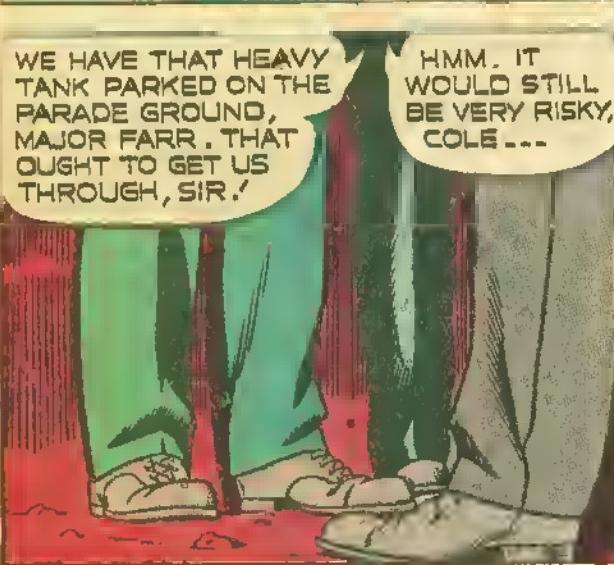
I WILL NOT PERMIT YOU BOYS TO
GO TO CERTAIN DEATH! THE SMALL
ARMS AMMUNITION ALREADY IS
EXPLODING! YOU'LL
NEVER REACH
THE ARMORY!



WE HAVE THAT HEAVY
TANK PARKED ON THE
PARADE GROUND,
MAJOR FARR. THAT
OUGHT TO GET US
THROUGH, SIR!

HMM. IT
WOULD STILL
BE VERY RISKY,
COLE ...

... BUT AT LEAST YOU'D HAVE A
FIGHTING CHANCE. GO TO IT, MEN ...
I'M PROUD OF YOU!



MOMENTS LATER, WITH DICK, BARK, AND
SLIP'RY AS CREW, THE TANK LUMBERS
TOWARD THE FLAMING ARMORY!

THE SMALL STUFF'S POPPING
ALL RIGHT. ONCE THE BIG STUFF STARTS...



THE TANK DRAWS
UP TO THE
FLAMING ARMORY.

GEE, IT'S
HEARTBREAKING
TO SEE FARR
DESTROYED! IT
WAS THE ONLY
HOME I EVER HAD!

WE ALL FEEL PRETTY
BAO, SLIP'RY... BUT
RIGHT NOW WE'VE
GOT TO FIND SIMBA!

PLANG!



QUESTION
No. 3. Dick Cole will help you complete this: Wood and ____ are used as fuels.

THE TANK CIRCLES THE ARMORY, AND, AT
THE REAR -

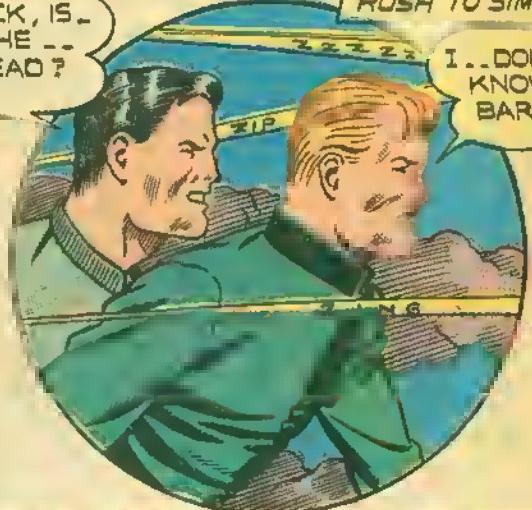
LOOK! SIMBA! HE'S
PINNEO DOWN BY A TIMBER
FROM THE ROOF!



DICK AND BARK LEAP FROM THE TANK AND
RUSH TO SIMBA.

DICK, IS -
IS HE --
DEAD?

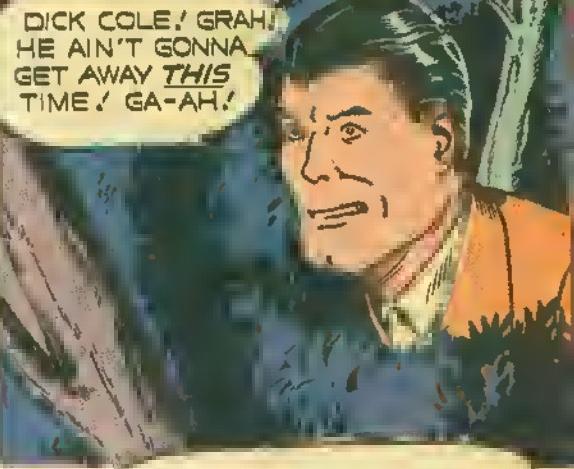
I ... DON'T
KNOW,
BARK!



HE'S ALIVE - BUT OH, HIS FACE! POOR
SIMBA!



ANWHILE, FROM SOME NEAR-BY
BUSHES -

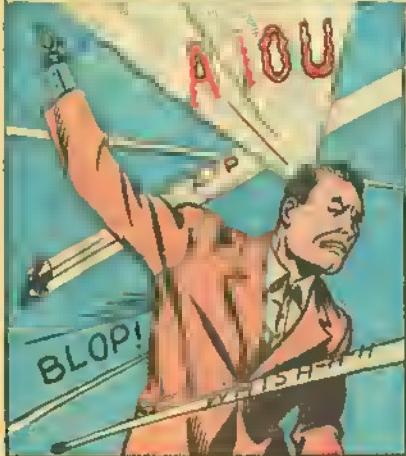


THEY'RE CARRYIN' OFF THAT CADET. NOW'S MY CHANCE!
I'LL BRAIN HIM!



THANK GOODNESS SIMBA'S
STILL ALIVE, BARK!

AS DENNY AIMS A MURDEROUS BLOW AT DICK, A LARGE SHELL FRAGMENT STRIKES DENNY.



HEARING DENNY'S CRY, DICK SWINGS AROUND!

WHAT ON EARTH? DENNY!



LEAVING DENNY, DICK AND BARK CARRY SIMBA TO SLIP'RY, WAITING BY THE TANK.

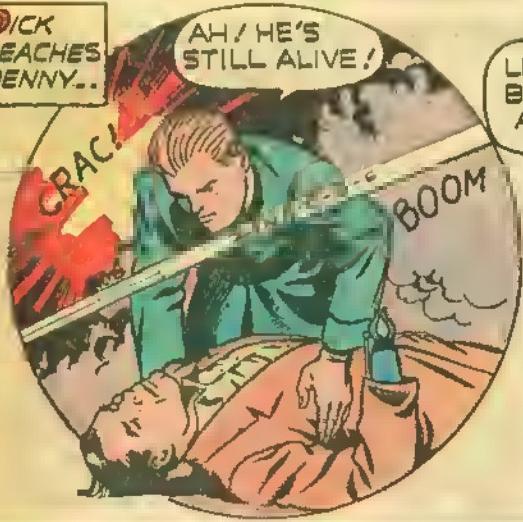
DENNY MAY STILL BE ALIVE. I'M GOING BACK AND GET HIM, FELLOWS.

ARE YOU CRAZY? WHY RISK YOUR LIFE FOR THAT KILLER, DICK?



DICK REACHES DENNY...

AH! HE'S STILL ALIVE!



...AND CARRIES HIM SAFELY BACK TO BARK AND SLIPRY.

LET'S SCRAM, BOYS, BEFORE THE WHOLE PLACE BLOWS UP! HIT FOR LAURA BRADLY'S. THERE'S A FIRST-AID STATION SET UP AT HER HOUSE.



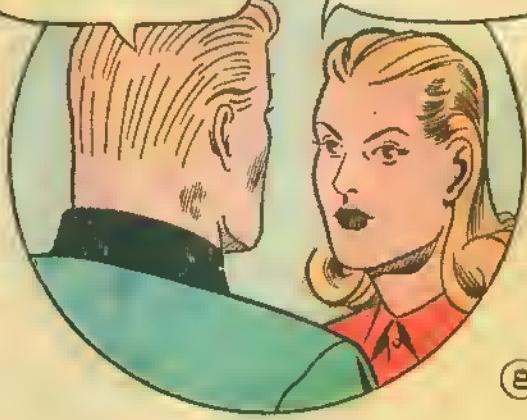
MINUTES LATER: THE HOME OF COACH BRADLY, SITUATED SAFELY OFF THE MAIN CAMPUS—

OH, DICK! THANK HEAVENS YOU'RE SAFE!



YES, I'M SAFE, BUT FARR IS DESTROYED. HOW ABOUT SIMBA, LAURA?

DOCTER WHITE IS WITH HIM NOW. WE SHOULD HEAR SOON.



(B)

QUESTION No. 4. Who is Harold Russell? Clues: Denny and the movie "The Best Years of Our Lives."

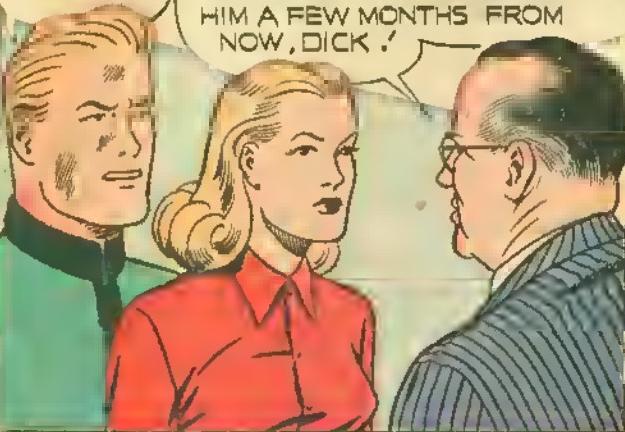
AFTER A HALF-HOUR OF SUSPENSE, DR. WHITE APPEARS.

HOW IS HE, DOCTOR?

SIMBA WILL LIVE, BUT I DOUBT IF YOU'LL RECOGNIZE HIM A FEW MONTHS FROM NOW, DICK!

HIS FACE WAS TERRIBLY MUTILATED. WHAT CAN BE DONE ABOUT IT, DOCTOR?

PLASTIC SURGEONS WILL MAKE A NEW FACE FOR HIM!



AS FOR THE OTHER ONE YOU BROUGHT IN - DENNY, HE HAS AN EVEN CHANCE TO RECOVER AND BE RETURNED TO THE ASYLUM.

SINGED AND DOWNHEARTED, THE FARR CADETS WATCH THE ARMORY EXPLODE, AND THEIR SCHOOL BURN TO THE GROUND.

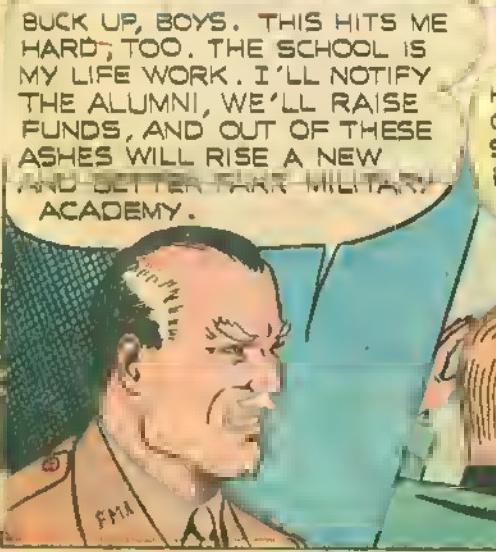


BUCK UP, BOYS. THIS HITS ME HARD, TOO. THE SCHOOL IS MY LIFE WORK. I'LL NOTIFY THE ALUMNI, WE'LL RAISE FUNDS, AND OUT OF THESE ASHES WILL RISE A NEW AND BETTER FARR MILITARY ACADEMY.



WE GOT HERE SOON AS WE COULD. LOOKS LIKE WE SHOULDA STAYED AT HOME.

OH, GOSH, I FEEL LIKE CRYING!



HOW ABOUT OUR SCHOOL SONG, GANG? LET'S GO!

WE'LL ALWAYS BE NEAR TO FARR, WE'LL PRAISE HER WHERE'ER WE ARE, WE'LL CHEER HER EACH DAY WITH A HIP HIP HOORAY - IT'S A RULE THERE'S NO SCHOOL LIKE FARR!



FARR'S BUILDINGS HAVE BURNED, BUT FARR ISN'T LICKED BE DURE TO SEE NEXT ISSUE FOR A BIG SURPRISE!

Here's how to get 24 FULL-COLOR BIRD PICTURES!

START COLLECTING NOW -

No waiting - Nothing to mail in!



These prizes are enclosed only in packages of Kellogg's Krumbles sold in the U. S.



Kellogg's KRUMBLES—a picture in every package

Just open a box of Kellogg's Krumbles and look inside for your prize. You'll find a handsome 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ " x 4 $\frac{1}{2}$ " bird picture in every package — larger than those shown here!

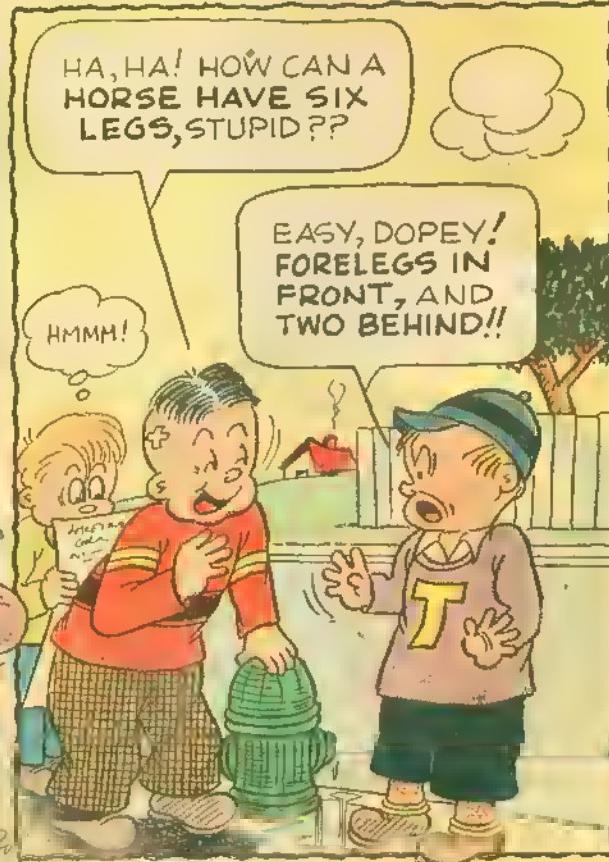
You'll be proud to show these colorful bird pictures to other boys and girls—to your

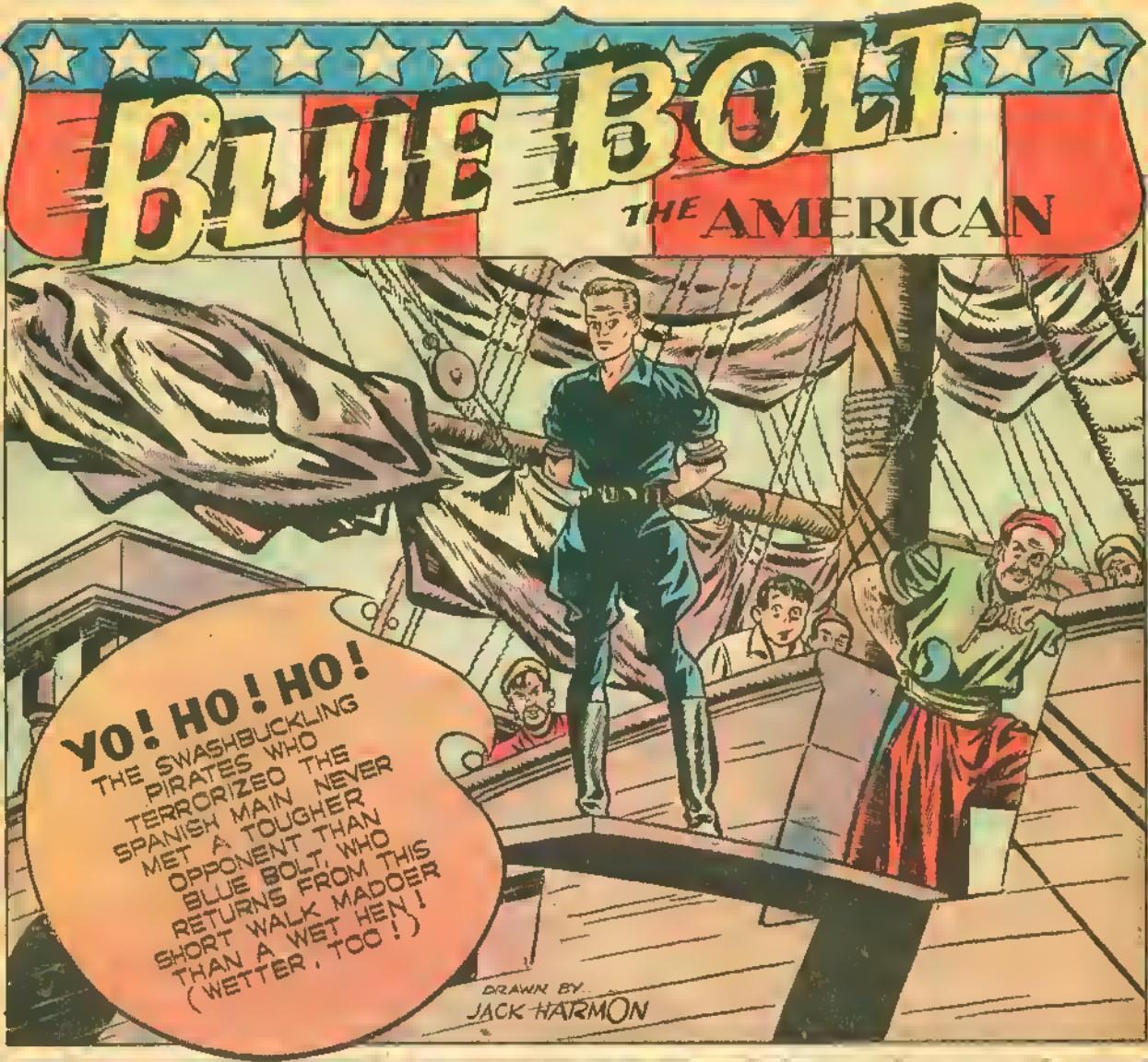
teacher, too! So start collecting now!

And what a swell cereal you get! Crisp, Malty, The kind that goes down fast. Mothers know Kellogg's Krumbles has whole-wheat nourishment. So hurry, ask your Mom to get a box today.

AN ALBUM FOR YOUR BIRD PICTURES

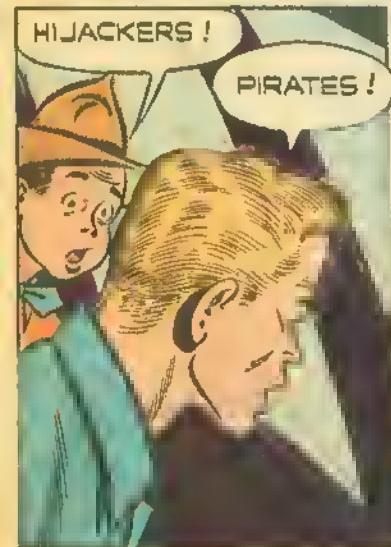
See the side of your Krumbles package for instructions on how to get this beautiful 5 $\frac{3}{4}$ " x 6 $\frac{1}{2}$ " album. It has twenty-four pages—a page for every picture—with the name and description of the bird already printed in. It's a book you'll treasure for years and years







IT'S SAILING NORTH WITH A TYPICAL CARGO... GOLO GOBLET AND ART TREASURES. WE SHOULD BE NEAR IT BY NOW.



QUESTION No. 5. Are snaps thin cookies, fasteners, or easy tasks?



THOSE HIGH-SEA
HIJACKERS HAVE
CHALKEO US UP AS
OEOO... AND IF WE
DON'T HITCH A LIFT
ON THAT GALLEON,
WE WILL BE !



THE WET CAMERA SLIPS
FROM SNAP'S HANDS !

WHAT'S
THAT ?

THAT DOES IT !
GIVE IT THE OLD
COLLEGE TRY,
SNAP !

THUD!

ALARMED, THE PIRATES FALL UPON BLUE
BOLT AND SNAP !

UGH !

CAREFUL ! THIS
ENVELOPE OPENER
MAY PUT YOU IN
THE DEAD LETTER
BUREAU !

OUCH !

CRACK

GRAB THE PUNK !
I WANNA TEACH HIM
A LESSON !

PICK UP YOUR MARBLES
AND GO HOME, CHUM !
YOU'RE JUST A SMALL -
TIME CAPTAIN KIDD !

YEAH ? I CAN
DO ANYTHING
THOSE PUNKS
DID !

F'RINSTANCE,
YOU'RE GONNA
WALK THE
PLANK !

(4)

QUESTION
No. 6 Who was Captain Kidd?

SOON...

NICE DAY FOR
A WALK... SO
GET GOING!

NOTHING LIKE
AN OCEAN TRIP
FOR ONE'S
HEALTH, THEY
SAY!

YEAH... BUT
A TRIP IN
THE OCEAN
AIN'T SO
GOOD! HAW!
HAW!

NO! MY
OLD PAL BLUE
BOLT... I CAN'T
BEAR TO LOOK!



CALMLY, BLUE BOLT PLUNGES
INTO THE SEA!

DON'T BOTHER
TO COME UP!
WE'LL BE WATCHING
TO PLUG YOU!

NOT A SIGN OF
HIM, BUCK! HE
MUSTA GONE TO
THE BOTTOM!

GOOD!

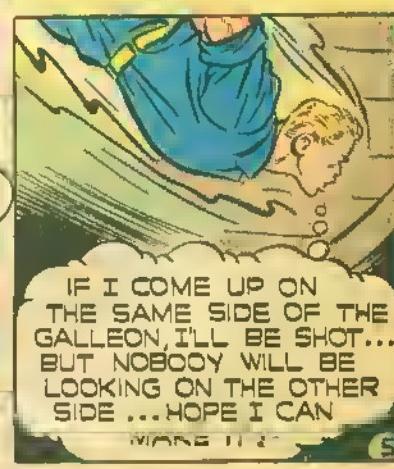


SOON AS WE
LOAD THIS
STUFF ON OUR
BOAT, KNOCK
A HOLE IN
THIS CRATE'S
BOTTOM!

POOR
BLUE
BOLT!
THERE'LL
NEVER BE
ANOTHER
LIKE HIM!

THEN... BYE-BYE, PAL!
YOUR BOAT IS
SINKING! NOBODY
WILL EVER KNOW I
TOOK THIS LOOT...
THEY'LL THINK IT
SANK WITH YOU!

MEANWHILE, WHAT HAS
HAPPENED TO BLUE
BOLT?



BLUE BOLT SWIMS
UNDER THE GALLEON,
GULPS FRESH AIR, AND...

THESE SHARP
BARNACLES CAN
CUT ROPE !



FREED, BLUE BOLT
CLIMBS UP .

BLUE BOLT !
IT AIN'T
POSSIBLE !
QUICK
SEÑOR ! ZEE
PIRATES ARE
ESCAPING !



ZEE CANNONS
ARE LOADED
FOR A SALUTE !
PERHAPS ...

I'LL
TRY !



HOPE THE DARNED
THING DOESN'T
BLOW UP !



YIPPEE ! GOT
'EM JUST BELOW
THE WATER LINE !

HALP ! WE'RE
GONNA SINK !



SOON ...

MY MEN REPAIRED
THE EL DORADO. WE
HAVE THE PIRATES AND
THE LOOT. GRACIAS,
SEÑOR BLUE
BOLT !



SMILE FOR THE
BIRDIE, BUCK !
GLIMPSES IS
GONNA LOVE
YOU !

BIRDIE, ME EYE !
YOU HAPPY HAWK-
SHAWS ARE NOTHIN'
BUT FLIES IN THE
OINTMENT !



FEARLESS FILMERS

By
Joe Donohoe



ODAY IS PUDGE'S BIRTHDAY!

GEE, IT WAS
A SWELL
PARTY, PUDGE!

YEAH, AND
HOW DID YOU
LIKE MY PRESENT?
A REAL
MOVIE CAMERA!

IT'S
SUPER!

A TRIPOD, TOO!
SAY, LET'S MAKE
SOME REAL
MOVIES, HUH?

WHY NOT? WE
COULD SHOW 'EM
TO THE OTHER KIDS
AND CHARGE
ADMISSION!

I KNOW! LET'S MAKE A PICTURE LIKE THE ONE AT THE BIJOU WHERE THE BAD GUY TIES THE GIRL TO THE RAILROAD TRACKS--

--AND THE GOOD GUY SAVES HER.

I'M GONNA BE THE GOOD GUY!

I WANT TO BE THE BAD GUY-- I HAVE A FALSE MOUSTACHE!

I'M THE CAMERAMAN AND THE DIRECTOR!

COME ON, LET'S GO HOME AND GET MADE UP. WE'LL MEET AT THE CLUBHOUSE.

A FEW MINUTES LATER--

HURRY UP. I HAVE THE STORY ALL READY!

HURRAY! WE'RE ALL SET!

WAIT A MINUTE.

WE AREN'T ALLOWED ON THE RAILROAD TRACKS.

WHAT ABOUT THAT OL' SPUR THAT RUNS THROUGH THE WOODS?

THAT'S RIGHT! TRAINS HAVEN'T RUN THERE FOR YEARS!

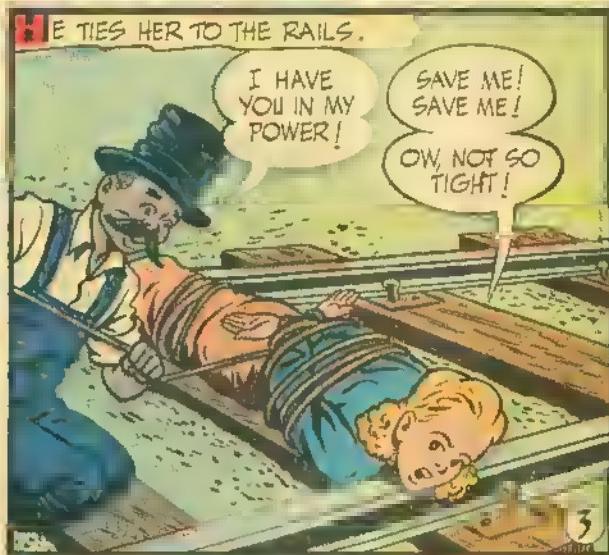
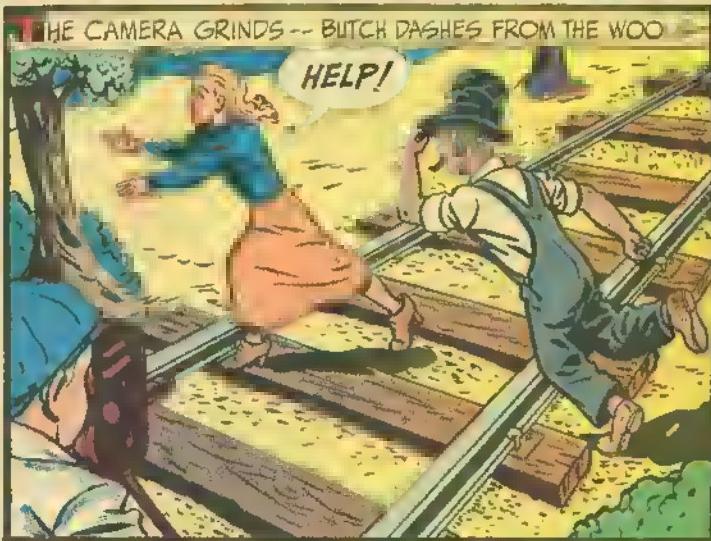
LET'S GO. I'LL CARRY THE ROPE.

THEY START FOR "LOCATION."

HERE'S THE IDEA-- THE BAD GUY IS CHASING THE GIRL-- HE CATCHES HER--

YEAH, AND TIES HER TO THE TRACKS.

QUESTION No. 7. What movie star's real name is Spangler Arlington Brugh?





QUESTION No. 8. Three words can be made from the letters in "saved." What are they?



• TIMID TIM •

HEY, MISTER! BUY
A RABBIT FOOT.

- IT'LL BRING YA
GOOD LUCK!

SURE
THING!



I ALWAYS WANTED
A RABBIT FOOT!
HERE'S YOUR
MONEY.

AND HERE'S
YOUR CHANGE.



SAY, WAIT A
MINUTE! HOW
DO I KNOW
THIS WILL
BRING ME
GOOD LUCK?

OH, DON'T
WORRY ABOUT
THAT.



RABBIT
FEET

WHY, DIDN'T THESE
RABBIT FEET GIVE ME
THIS SWELL LITTLE
BUSINESS?!

HOLD ON THERE!
WHERE'S YOUR
LICENSE TO DO
BUSINESS?

ER... I...
ER... HAVEN'T
GOT ANY!



RABBIT

TOUGH LUCK, BUDDY.
THAT'LL COST YOU
THIRTY DAYS IN JAIL!



RABBIT
FEET
25¢



RABBIT
FEET
25¢



BLUÈ BOLT



ART
HELFANT

Cunning

by John Graham

THE men of the Nagoli were solemn as they assembled in the ceremonial hut of the kraal. Ordinarily a happy folk, there was not time for laughter among them this day. Mingled emotions contributed to their grimness. There was yet grief for the dead chief, and a realization of the care they must use in selecting a new one. Yes, they must choose a new leader, but they must choose well. He who would be chief of the Nagoli must lack neither courage nor a feeling for justice. The turbulent jungle — where sudden death is ever neighbor to man — allowed for no error. It was with good cause then that the Nagoli were serious; perhaps their very survival hinged on the choice.

The drums and the gourds wailed a lament for the dead one. A wild thing it was, beautiful in its savagery and heart-breaking in its grief. Higher the crescendo of sorrow rose, but there was one who did not listen. Wantu was not concerned with the dead — he schemed to be the new chief! Ambition's creature, he had no interest in dirges. Let the other fools rant of courage and justice;

he had a more powerful weapon — CUNNING!

Cunning he had in plenty, but he must make certain how to employ it. He must learn what test the elders of the tribe had devised for the candidates to prove their fitness. Each time a new chief was chosen, the method was different. This plan eliminated any advance preparations and insured that the new leader would be a man who could act swiftly. A leader must be swift if his people were to exist in the jungle!

Wantu's head ached as he tried to anticipate the test. Would those foolish drums never cease, so the announcement might be made? What was the test? What? What? What? It was almost as though the question beat drums of its own in Wantu's throbbing skull.

But wait! The senior priest of the tribe had detached himself from the group of elders and was moving to the center of the hut. The old man raised a hand for silence and the drums subsided into a low, mournful sobbing. The group of candidates inched forward and Wantu trem-

bled as he shook in the grip of ambition. How he wanted to spring up on the old one and wrest the secret from him. Speak, old one! Speak!

"My people," the old man said slowly, "the time has come when a new one must lead us. It is the tradition of the Nagoli that our chief must be as strong as he is resourceful. What better way to prove it than to conquer the mighty lion? Such is our decision: he who first returns with the skin of a freshly killed tawny one shall rule the Nagoli. Prepare then, O hunters! Let your spears be swift and your arms strong! The gods shall smile on the most skilled one. I have spoken!"

The old man returned to the group of priests, and silence held the hut — silence broken only by the labored breathing of Wantu. Ho! Here was the ideal chance to prove his cunning. Usually it took raw jungle courage to conquer mighty Simba. Of this, Wantu had none. But he did have cunning! He filed from the hut with the other warriors, smiling as he formed his ghastly plan. True, he had not the courage to stalk a lion — but he had the cunning to stalk humans!

Outside the hunters waved good fortune to one another, then plunged separately into the brush. Into the brush, where the cruel fangs and raking talons of the king of beasts awaited the unwary! Wantu hesitated a moment, then moved slowly forward, following the tallest of the trackers. This was Ooma, strongest spearman among the Nagoli. This was Ooma, who would make Wantu chief. Ooma was the strongest and the swiftest — but Wantu was the most cunning!

The lithe figure of Ooma forged fearlessly into the undergrowth. Engrossed in his tracking, he failed to notice the shadow that skulked behind him. Skulked and trailed, with spear ever raised at Ooma's back. Wantu's cunning would yet make him king of all the Nagoli!

Suddenly the roar of an approaching lion sounded through the jungle. The steaming greenness became alive with terror. Monkeys chattered as they fled through treetops, and lesser beasts rustled the brush with the panic of their flight. Wantu blanched at the sound of the bellow. But ambition held him to his task as he pressed after the hurrying Ooma.

As though aware it was being hunted by the puny man-folk, the tawny giant burst into the clearing. Sighting Ooma, it thundered a challenge as it sprang forward, great mouth gaping, and paws extended to rake and claw. The furious charge was met, however, with a well-aimed spear that turned the cry of rage into a

death gurgle. The beast clawed frantically at space, moaned, and fell dead at the feet of Ooma!

But enter cunning! Another spear now hurtled through the air, to lodge in Ooma's back and topple his body across that of the lion. Wantu, eyes agleam with triumph, broke swiftly into view. Ho! There was no weapon like cunning! Here he had his lion and had undergone no personal risk. Yet he must be swift! There would be time for gloating later! It was more important now to bury Ooma and skin the lion. Fate was good to him. The killing had taken place at the edge of a gorge and it was but small effort to roll the lifeless Ooma over it. Quick strokes of his blade separated the lion's skin from the carcass. It was done! Cunning had made him chief!

There was much rejoicing that night in the village of the Nagoli. The drums beat madly as they flung the story of Wantu's greatness to the winds. Wantu smiled as he watched the celebrants. Fools! Yes! he was king, but none knew that he had conquered by virtue of his cunning. What did it matter, though? Was not the skin of the dead lion hung outside his hut? There was none to know that he had not actually killed it. No, he was too cunning! But now for sleep! His had been a full day and his body cried for sleep—sleep, when he might dream of further cunning!

He flung himself wearily down on his straw mat and quickly surrendered to sleep. The sounds of the festival

gradually abated and soon silence reigned in the village. Nothing stirred.

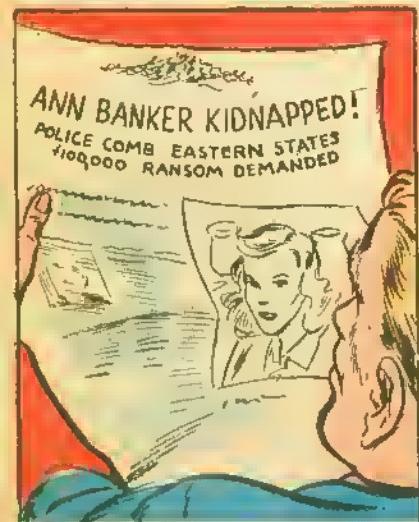
Nothing? Then what was this huge cat-like creature that padded silently through the village, sniffing, sniffing, ever sniffing? It paused at length outside the hut of Wantu and growled deeply in its throat. This was no thundering roar, but merely a growl of vengeance. Great paws crept quietly into the hut, closer, ever closer to the slumbering Wantu, deep in dreams of his cunning.

Suddenly the night was hideous with screams of terror. The frenzy contained in them was horrible, yet it was but a moment before they were stilled. Aroused, the men of the Nagoli rushed to the hut of their new chief, Wantu. Their spears were raised and ready, but there was nothing there. Nothing but a terribly mangled Wantu, his dead face ghastly in the light of the waning moon. Puzzled, the Nagoli asked one another how it happened. How had Wantu died?

One old hunter, wise in the ways of the jungle, showed them the answer. Gesturing with his spear toward the skin of the lion hung on Wantu's hut, he said, "Wah! Truly the Nagoli are unfortunate. We have lost our chief to cunning. Behold the dead lion's skin. It was that which directed the lion's mate to its killer. It is ever thus—after a hunter kills one lion, he must kill the mate, else the mate seeks vengeance. Wantu, our leader, is dead because of cunning—animal cunning!"

Rick Richards

RUGGED RICK RICHARDS, WEALTHY HEAD OF RICHARDS ENTERPRISES, INC., NEEDS ALL HIS STRENGTH AND WITS TO WAGE A STRANGE BATTLE IN THE ANCIENT CLIFF DWELLINGS OF THE FAR WEST!



SO MAYBE MY OLD PAL
PROFESSOR MIZZLE CAN
CAN GIVE ME AN
ASSIST.

BUT HIS SPECIALTY
IS ARCHAEOLOGY,
NOT CRIMINOLOGY!

SOON-

TAKE A LOOK AT THIS
POTTERY IN THE BACKGROUND,
PROFESSOR!



BUT SOON... HIGH ON THE CLIFF...
OH!
HELP!

QUIET! FOR PETTY
SAKE!

I CAME
TO HELP!

I'M SORRY!
I WAS STARTLED

WHAT'S UP?

SNOOPER, HEY? WE'LL MAKE
YOUR VISIT MIGHTY BRIEF!

YIPE! THIS THROW BETTER
BE GOOD.. OR I'LL BE
FOOD FOR THE BUZZARDS!

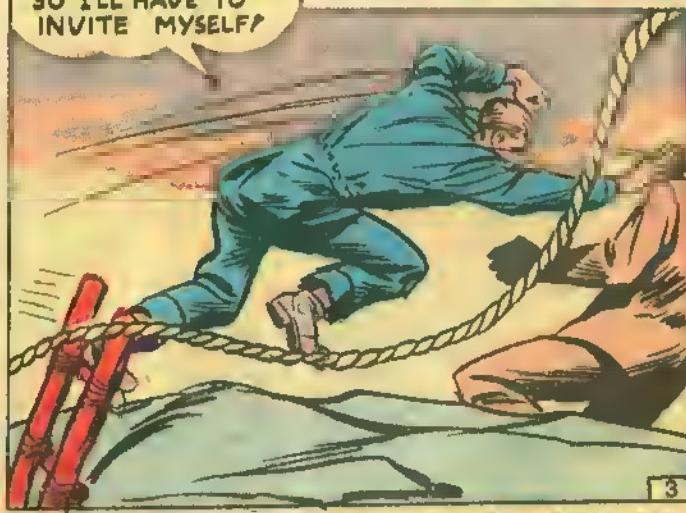
RICK AVERTS A PLUNGE
TO THE ROCKS BELOW
WITH A LIGHTNING LIKE
FLICK OF HIS LASSO!

MADE IT!

OH, HE'S
WONDERFUL!

HE'LL BE A WONDERFUL
MESS IN A MINUTE!

YOU LADS AREN'T
EXACTLY HOSPITALITE,
SO I'LL HAVE TO
INVITE MYSELF!



MY, THE MOUNTAIN AIR IS INVIGORATING!
DOESN'T IT FILL YOU WITH PEP?

OOF!

WHEN A BODY MEETS A
BODY! DUM-DEE-DUM-DEE-
DUM!

SINGIN' SONGS, EH?
GET READY FOR A
ULLABYS!

THERE! THAT'LL ROCK YOU
TO SLEEP!

OH!

OH! YOU'VE
KILLED HIM!

NAW, HE'S TOO
TOUGH! STEP
ASIDE WHILE I TIE
HIM UP!

THIS MAKES GETTING
SLUGGED ENJOYABLE!

WHO ARE YOU?

THANK HEAVENS!
HE'S COMING TO!

AW,
CUT OUT THE
SOFT STUFF! THIS
AIN'T NO NURSERY!

WOTSA MATTER, YEAH! SNAKE'S
SNAKE.. JEALOUS? FALLIN' FOR
DA DAME!

SHUDDUR
MUGS!

QUESTION 56
No. 10. "When a body meets a body" is a line from what old song?

JUST CALL ME RICK! HOW ABOUT A DATE TOMORROW NIGHT?

DELIGHTED! BUT...

BREAK IT UP! THIS AIN'T THE TUNNEL OF LOVE! COME ON, YOU... WERE GOIN' UPSTAIRS.



WOULD EIGHT O'CLOCK, NO,
BE TOO EARLY, ANN! PERFECT,

RICK.

YOU MUST BE OUTTA
YOUR HEAD! YOU AIN'T
COMIN' DOWN FROM
THIS CLIFF!

FOR BEIN' SUCH A WISE GUY
YOU GET A SLOW DEATH...
FROM HUNGER AND THIRST!

THANKS, OL' PAL! I'LL
DO THE SAME FOR YOU
SOME TIME!

THERE GOES YOUR ROPE!
EVEN IF YOU BUST YOUR
BONDS, YOU CAN'T GET
DOWN, 'CAUSE I'M TAKIN'
THE LADDERS, TOO!

OH, BROTHER.
NOW WHAT?



ANN RUSHES TO SNAKE ON HIS RETURN.

LET HIM GO! I'LL
PAY ANYTHING!

AW! DON'T GET EXCITED
OVER THAT DOPE!

YOU'RE KINDA CUTE, KID!
YOU'D MAKE A TERRIFIC
MRS. SNAKE LIMBUGGER!

FREE RICK, AND
I'LL GIVE YOU
THE COMBI-
NATION TO MY
SAFE! YOU'LL BE
ABLE TO TAKE ANY-
THING...CASH, JEWELS!





QUESTION
No. 11. Name four games in which a racket is used.

MEANWHILE... RICK KICKS OVER A PIECE OF POTTERY.

THAT POTTERY GOT ME INTO THIS FIX... AND IT WILL GET ME OUT, TOO!



AS ALWAYS, A SUDDEN LOUD NOISE STIMULATES RICK'S ADRENAL GLANDS, GIVING HIM IMMEASURABLE STRENGTH.

AH! MUSCLES, DO YOUR STUFF!



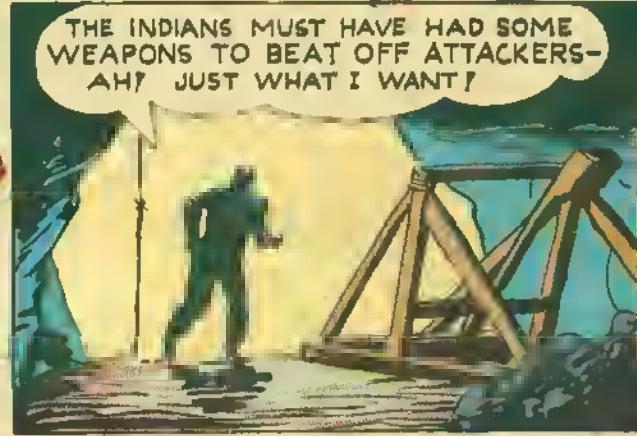
SNAKE WAS TOO DUMB TO REALIZE I COULD TIE UP MY BONDS TO MAKE A ROPE!



OH, OH! SNAKE AND HIS BOYS ARE TAKING A POWDER! I'D LIKE TO STOP THEM!



THE INDIANS MUST HAVE HAD SOME WEAPONS TO BEAT OFF ATTACKERS— AH! JUST WHAT I WANT!



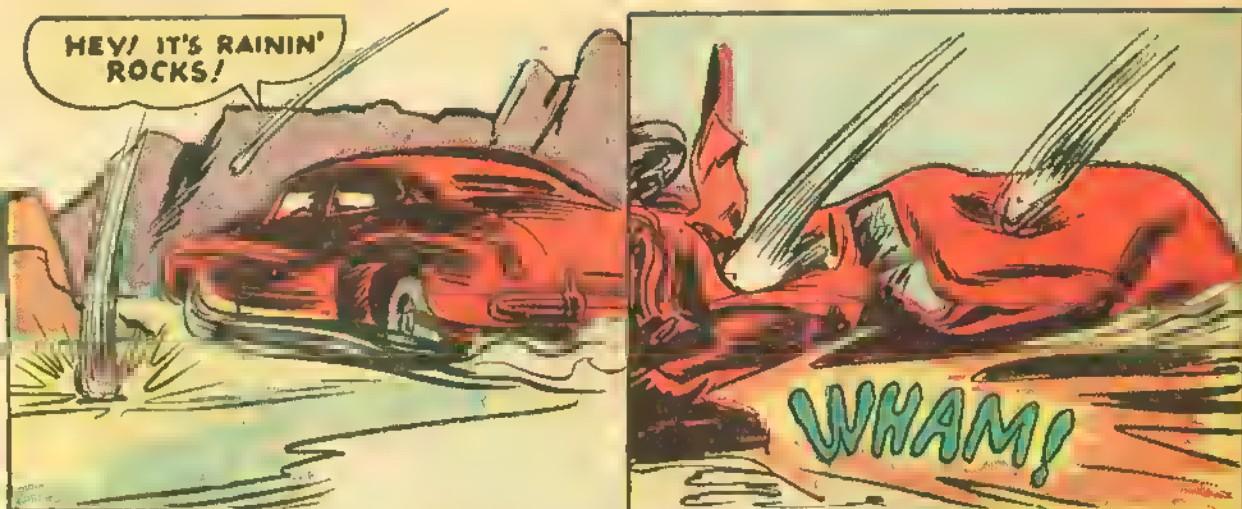
IF THIS OLD CATAPULT HAS ANY SPRING LEFT, SNAKE IS IN FOR A BIG SURPRISE!



HOPE I GET THE RANGE BEFORE THEY'RE OUT OF IT!

SWOOOSH





QUESTION No. 12. Nitroglycerin is the chief ingredient of what?

... I CAN BREAK OPEN THIS
CATCH POOL AND DRENCH
THE FUSE!

THE PRETTIEST WATERFALL
I'VE EVER SEEN..ONLY
HURRY!

THE WATER POURS DOWN
THE CLIFF JUST IN TIME!

HURRAY! WE'RE
SAVED!

YEAH... TO SPEND
THE REST OF OUR
LIVES IN JAIL.

LET'S PICK UP OUR
SHATTERED HOSTS
AND GET OUT OF
THIS PLACE!

GOOD IDEA! THIS
ACTIVITY IS WEARING
ME DOWN!

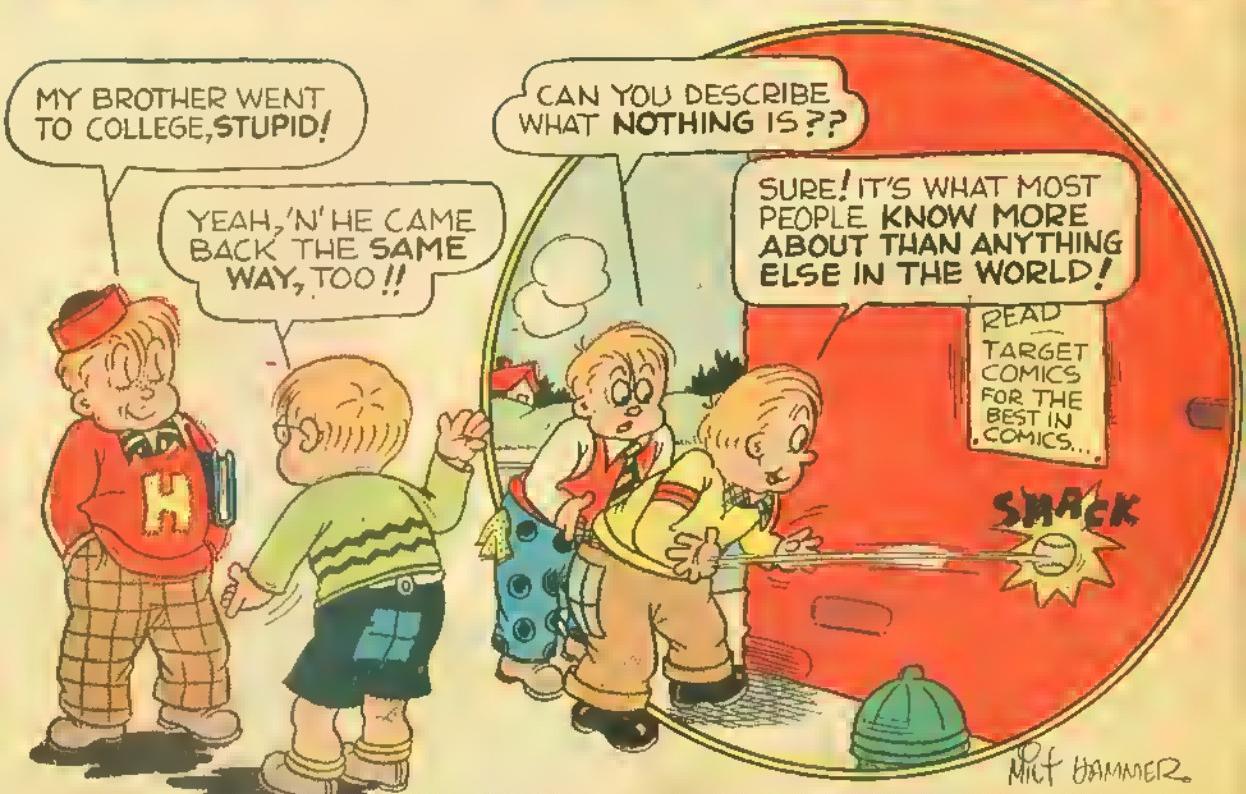
SOON...

BYE-BYE, GREY MESA! I
HAD A WONDERFUL TIME!

DON'T FORGET OUR DATE! WE
CAN HAVE A WONDERFUL TIME
AGAIN.

AW,
BALONEY!

BLUEBOLTS and NUTS



Milt Hammer



Edison Bell



WHAT SAY
TO A TRIAL
RUN DOWN
HICKSON HILL,
JERRY?

SWELL! I'D LIKE
TO SEE WHAT
THIS BUGGY CAN
DO!

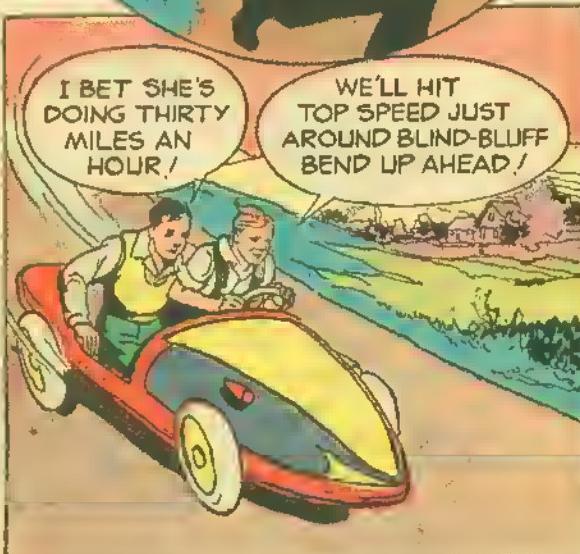


SOON, ON HICKSON HILL...

THIS'LL BE THE
STARTING LINE
IN TOMORROW'S
RACE, EDDIE!

RIGHT!
OKAY.
SHOVE
OFF!

BUT WHAT'S THIS
AROUND THE BEND?



QUESTION
No. 13.

A candidate for the U. S. Senate must be at least 30 years old. True or false?

WHEW!
THAT WAS
CLOSE!

BUT NOT CLOSE ENOUGH FOR
THOSE TWO, I BET! THEY MUST
BE TRYING TO RUIN OUR
RACER BEFORE
TOMORROW!

WE
BETTER
REMOVE
THIS
WIRE!

AND THEN WE'LL DOPE
OUT SOME WAY TO PRE-
VENT ANY MORE ATTACKS
ON OUR
ENTRY.

LATE THAT AFTERNOON

IT'S GETTING
DARK, ED! YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO
LEAVE THE
RACER OUT IN
THE OPEN?

YES, WE'LL GIVE
OUR FRIENDS
PLENTY OF OPPOR-
TUNITY FOR A
HAUNTING
EXPERIENCE!

I DON'T
GET IT! UNWIND THAT
ROPE AND
ATTACH IT
TO THE PULLEY.
I'LL BE RIGHT
BACK!

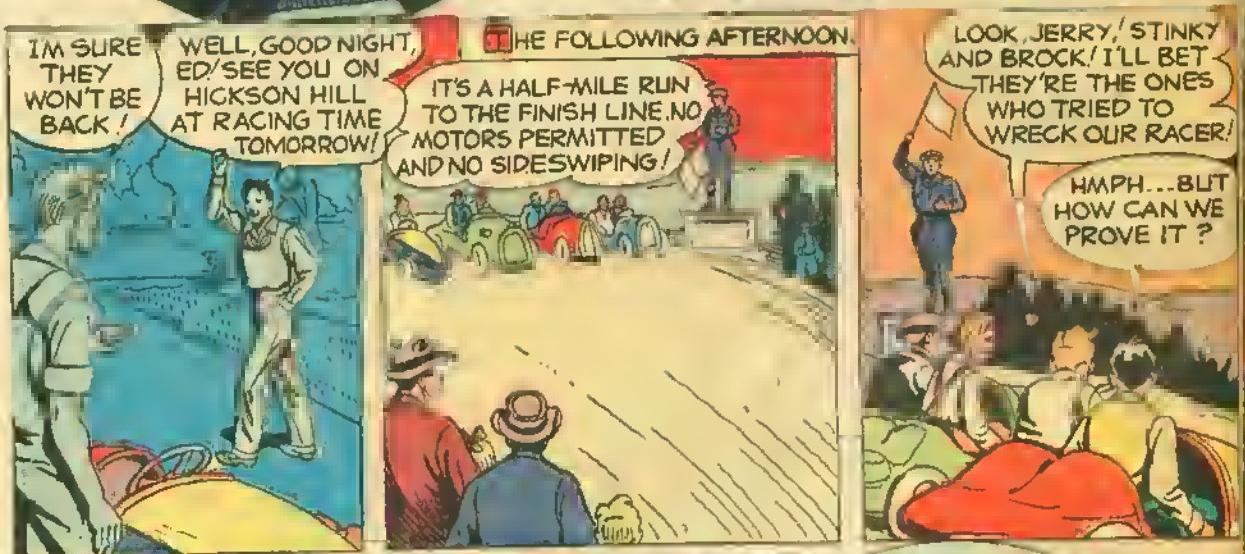
WE'LL ATTACH
THIS GHOST SHEET
TO THE MOVABLE
CLOTHESLINE, AND
THEN WAIT FOR
"VISITORS!"

AN HOUR LATER ...

SH-H! SOMEONE'S
SNEAKING UP THE
DRIVeway!

I HOPE
YOU'RE GOOD
AT SPOOK
SOUND
EFFECTS.

HERE GOES THE FLASH-
LIGHT! START PULLING THE
SHEET BACK AND FORTH!



QUESTION No. 14. Are there 5280, 528, or 6280 feet in a mile?



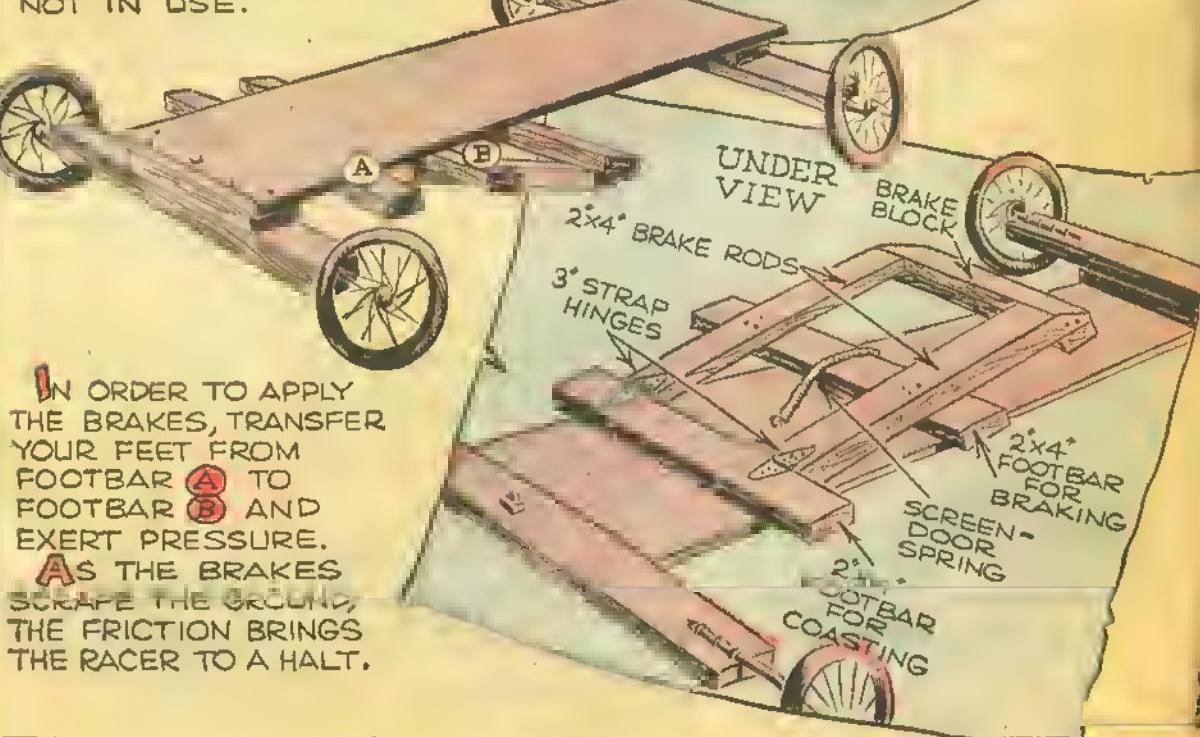
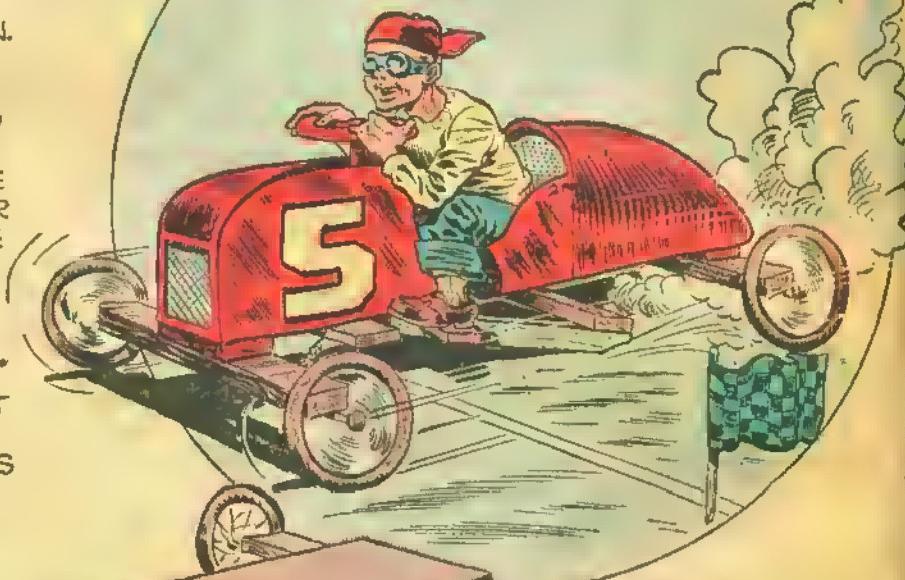
HOW TO CONSTRUCT A DRAG BRAKE for YOUR SOAPBOX RACER

BY TEX BLAISDELL

THE OFFICIAL RULES OF THE AMERICAN SOAPBOX DERBY SPECIFY THAT EVERY RACER HAVE A GOOD SET OF BRAKES. THIS DOUBLE DRAG BRAKE IS RECOMMENDED FOR ITS SMOOTH AND EFFICIENT ACTION.

IN ADDITION, THIS BRAKE MAY BE CONSTRUCTED CHEAPLY and EASILY and MAY BE MADE TO FIT ANY RACER BY PLANNING THE DIMENSIONS ACCORDINGLY.

USE GOOD 2 \times 4* STOCK and ADJUST THE SPRING SO THE BRAKE HANGS 3" ABOVE THE GROUND WHEN NOT IN USE.



IN ORDER TO APPLY THE BRAKES, TRANSFER YOUR FEET FROM FOOTBAR A TO FOOTBAR B AND EXERT PRESSURE.

AS THE BRAKES SCRAPE THE GROUND, THE FRICTION BRINGS THE RACER TO A HALT.

Sergeant Spook

"OLD IRONSIDES," PUTTING OUT TO SEA, SALUTES SERGEANT SPOOK AND JERRY FOR A JOB WELL DONE!

ART BY
DON
RICO



HI, SPOOK! HAVE YOU HEARD ABOUT KEELESON'S NEWS TO MOOEL SHIPSBUILDING CONTEST? THE BOY WHO WINS GETS A CANOE!

ME, JERRY... BUT I SEE YOU'RE WASTING NO TIME!

NO SIREE! THAT CANOE WILL COME IN MIGHTY HANDY ON THE LAKE THIS SUMMER!

HOW ABOUT YOUR FRIEND BILLY WALSH, THE KID WHO WAS HURT IN AN AUTO ACCIDENT LAST YEAR?

GEE... I DON'T KNOW! BUT I'O SURE DO YOU LIKE TO SEE HIM HAVE SOME FUN!

WELL, WHAT DO YOU SAY WE DROP IN ON HIM?



IS HE ENTERING THE CONTEST, TOO?



AND SO
SERGEANT
SPOOK
AND JERRY
PAY A
VISIT
TO
BILLY
WALSH.



YOU MIGHT GET SOME EXERCISE SOONER THAN YOU THINK-- PADDLING, I MEAN! HERE-- READ ABOUT THIS CONTEST!

GOSH!

I WOULDN'T HAVE TO USE MY LEGS MUCH IN A CANOE!



BUT I DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT BUILDING SHIP MODELS! DONT WORRY.

BILLY--I'LL FIGURE OUT SOMETHING! I'VE GOT TO LEAVE NOW! SEE YOU SOON!



LET'S TAKE A LOOK AROUND MR. PLANK'S LUMBER YARD, SPOOK!

GOOD IDEA!



I'LL GIVE YOU FIVE DOLLARS IF YOU'LL MAKE A MODEL FOR ME!

HM! THAT SOUNDS LIKE WALKER PLANK!

HOPE HE'S NOT GIVING HIS DAD MORE TROUBLE! I BETTER SEE WHAT HE'S UP TO!



I'M GETTING POOR MARKS IN HISTORY AND I WANT TO GIVE THE MODEL TO MY TEACHER!

AVAST YE, WELL, WELL SON! I'LL MAKE IT FOR WALKER NOTHING, 'CEPT, SWING THAT IS, A GOOD WORD ABOUT ME TO YOUR FATHER!



I THINK WALKER PLANK HAS IDEAS ABOUT WINNING THAT CONTEST, JERRY!

TAKING HISTORY AT SCHOOL THIS YEAR!

RIGHT, SPOOK. HE'S NOT EVEN DOING SOMETHING!

AT MR. PLANK'S OFFICE---

GEE, THANKS, MR. PLANK! BILLY WILL SURELY APPRECIATE YOUR KINDNESS!

NOT AT ALL, JERRY. TAKE ALL THE SCRAPS YOU WANT! TOO BAD MY BOY DOESN'T EVER THINK OF ANYTHING BESIDES HIMSELF!

S'POSE YOU HUNT UP MR. PLANK! WE'VE GOT TO GET BILLY STARTED RIGHT AWAY!



DURING SCHOOL LUNCH HOUR THE NEXT DAY, JERRY'S SUSPICIONS ARE CONFIRMED.

HAW! I'VE PRACTICALLY WON THAT CANOE RIGHT NOW! YOU SHOULD SEE THE MODEL I'M MAKING!

IF ONLY SPOOK HAS A PLAN, WE'LL TAKE THE WIND OUT OF HIS SAILS!



THAT EVENING, IN JERRY'S ROOM--

THOSE BOOKS GIVE ME AN IDEA, JERRY! WE'LL VISIT THE MEN WHO COMMANDED "OLD IRONSIDES"!

HOT ZIGGITY! BET THEY CAN HELP US OUT!



ARRIVING AT GHOST TOWN, JERRY AND SERGEANT SPUNKIE SAW THE U.S.S. CONSTITUTION, BETTER KNOWN AS "OLD IRONSIDES."

HELLO, COMMODORE PREBLE! I'VE BROUGHT A YOUNG FRIEND OF MINE TO TALK OVER A PROBLEM WITH YOU!

YIPE! IT'S COMMODORE EDWARD PREBLE!

FINE! FINE! I'LL INTRODUCE HIM TO FOUR OF THE OFFICERS WHO FOUGHT UNDER ME IN THE WAR WITH TRIPOLI!



CAPTAINS HULL, STEWART,
DECATUR, AND MACDONOUGH,
JERRY! GENTLEMEN, THIS
IS JERRY—HE'D LIKE
SOME IDEAS ON HOW
TO BUILD A SHIP
MODEL!

G-GOSH!

ALL THESE MEN
COMMANDOED
"OLD IRONJOES"
AT ONE TIME
OR ANOTHER!

ISAAC HULL,
COMMANDER
OF THE
CONSTITUTION
IN HER
VICTORY
OVER THE
BRITISH
FRIGATE
GUERRIERE,
TELLS JERRY
SOMETHING
ABOUT THE
SHIP.

SHE WAS BUILT
RIGHT HERE
IN BOSTON,
JERRY, NEAR
WHAT IS NOW
CONSTITUTION
HARBOUR!
COMMODORE
PREBLE
TELLS ME
THAT'S
ONLY JUST
ACROSS
THE BAY
FROM HERE!



NEXT, JERRY SPEAKS TO CAPTAIN CHARLES STEWART, WHO DEFEATED THE BRITISH WARSHIPS CYANE AND LEVANT.

THE BEST MATERIALS
WERE USED IN BUILDING
HER—LIVE OAK TIMBERS,
RED CEDAR, AND
HARD PINE—

THAT KIND OF
WOOD IS HARD
TO GET
NOWADAYS,
ISN'T IT?



Q VISIT TO
THE GUN DECK
WITH STEPHEN
DECATUR, HERO
OF THE
BURNING
OF THE
PHILADELPHIA!

HOW DO YOU LIKE
THOSE GUNS, JERRY?

BET THEY CAN STILL
MAKE A LOT OF
'RACKET'!



THERE SHE IS,
LAUNCHED IN
1797, AND STILL
HALE AND
HEARTY!

THANK YOU,
CAPTAIN
MACDONOUGH,
AND THE REST
OF YOU GENTLEMEN
FOR ALL THE
INFORMATION!

HATE TO GO,
BUT I
GUESS
WE'D
BETTER BE
GETTING
BACK!



BACK AT BILLY'S HOUSE...

HI, BILLY! WE'RE
ALL SET! YOU'RE
GOING TO MAKE A
WONDERFUL
MODEL OF THE
CONSTITUTION!
I HAVE THE
PLANS RIGHT
HERE!

GOSH!
I WAS
WONDERING
WHERE
YOU'D
GONE!



QUESTION
No. 16. Subtract four letters from the name Decatur and get an animal.

YOU'VE GOT TO WORK FAST AND DO YOUR VERY BEST! OTHERWISE WALKER PLANK WILL WIN. HE'S CHEATING BY HAVING DAN OOWEL MAKE HIS MODEL!

WON'T I BE CHEATING, THEN, BY USING THIS PLAN?

NOPE...CONTEST RULES SAY THAT IT'S OKAY TO USE SOMEONE ELSE'S PLANS AND ADVICE...BUT THE ACTUAL WORK MUST BE DONE BY THE BOY HIMSELF!

I'D BETTER FIND OUT HOW DAN OOWEL'S COMING ALONG. SEE YOU LATER, JERRY!



SPOOK PAYE A VISIT TO DAN'S SHACK ACROSS THE STREET FROM THE LUMBER YARD.

HEIGH HO! AS TRIM THAT CRAFT AS I EVER CRAFT'S OIO SEE! NOW TO GIVE HER A SUIT TOO OF SAILS!

WALKER PLANK! I'VE GOT TO FIX THOSE SAILS!



WHAT'S THE MATTER, BILLY--- FRAID SOMEBODY'LL STEAL YOUR STUFF? HAW! HAW!

NO. JUST WANT TO KEEP HER OUT OF HARM'S WAY!

THAT'S WALKER'S WAY EVERY TIME!



THE DAY OF THE BIG CONTEST!



MISTER KEELSON HEAD OF THE KEELSON BOAT WORKS AND CHIEF JUDGE OF THE CONTEST SPEAKS.

I AM CERTAIN THAT WHOEVER WINS THE CONTEST WILL RICHLY DESERVE THE AWARD OF A KEELSON CANOE!



WALKER PLANK'S ENTRY IS ON DISPLAY.

HOW'S THAT FOR A MODEL, MR. KEELSON?

WHY---THAT'S THE BEST I'VE EVER SEEN! LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF A PROFESSIONAL!

HERE'S MY MODEL, SIR!

WELL, BLESS MY SOUL! THIS ONE LOOKS AS GOOD AS THE LAST! WE'LL HAVE TO TEST THEM IN THE WATER TO REACH A DECISION!

WAIT'LL I UNFURL MY SAILS! THEY'LL MAKE BILLY'S TUB LOOK LIKE RAGGEDY ANN!



JERRY FIRES A SHOT FROM ONE OF THE MINIATURE GUNS.

FIRE!

AMAZING!

BOOM!



AS WALKER UNFURLS HIS SAILS, A STRANGE MESSAGE APPEARS!

AWK! WHAT'S THAT?!

I THOUGHT THERE WAS SOMETHING FISHY ABOUT MY SON'S ABILITY. SO THAT'S IT!

NICE WORK, SPOOK!

MADE BY
DAN DOWELL



YOU BEAR THE NAME OF PLANK, MY BOY---BUT YOU CERTAINLY GO AGAINST MY GRAIN! IT'S OFF TO THE WOODPILE FOR YOU!

GEE WHIZ,
DAD! NIX!
PUH-LEEZ!



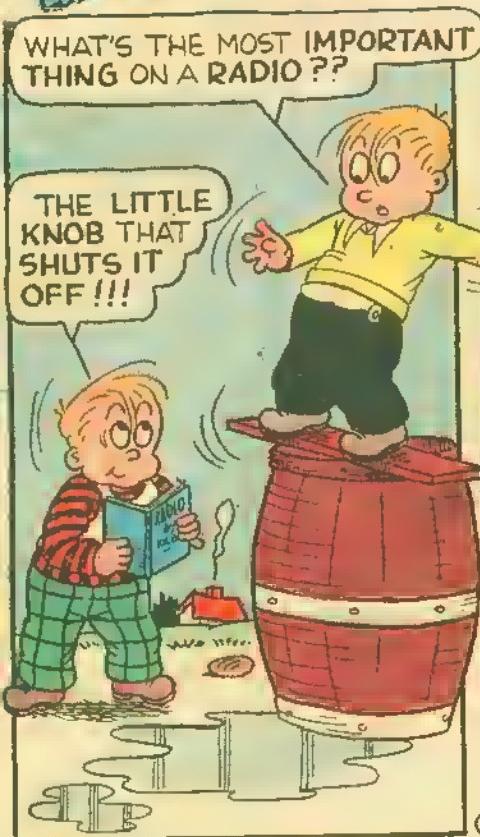
ANOTHER VICTORY FOR "OLD IRONSIDES," BILLY---WITH YOU AS SKIPPER!

I'D NEVER HAVE COME CLOSE WITHOUT YOUR HELP!

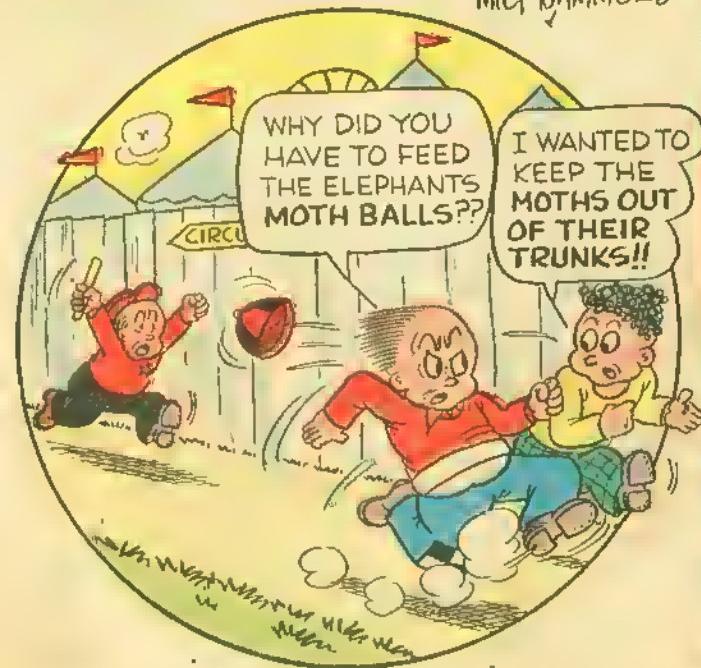
WONDER WHAT STEPHEN DECATUR WOULD SAY ABOUT THAT?

'RAY FOR BILLY WALSH!

BLUEBOLTS and RUMPS



by
MILT HAMMER



WHAT DO YOU MEAN,
I SHOULDN'T LOSE
MY TEMPER?

'CAUSE NOBODY
ELSE WANTS
IT!!!

I WONDER WHY THEY
MEASURE SPEED ON
THE OCEAN IN KNOTS
INSTEAD OF MILES?

MAYBE 'CAUSE
THEY'VE GOT TO
HAVE THE OCEAN
TIDE!!

HIT
THE
TARGET
WITH
TARGET
COMICS



I WONDER WHY
POETS ALWAYS
SPEAK OF THE
MOON AS BEING
SILVER?



MIFF HAMMER



...AND NOW YOU CAN GET YOURS



a \$4.75 Value for only \$1.49

WHILE THEY LAST...!

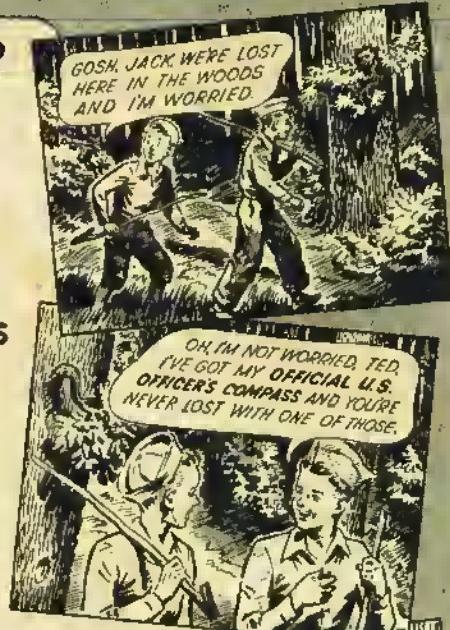
- Break-proof crystal
- Luminous Easy-to-read dial
- Accurate Jewelled needle always points North
- Precision-built by Waltham Watch Company

FOR THIS
\$4.75
only **\$1.49** VALUE

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This swell outfit includes big air pistol, shot and complete target set. Sell one order plus 75c extra.



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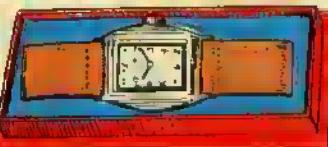
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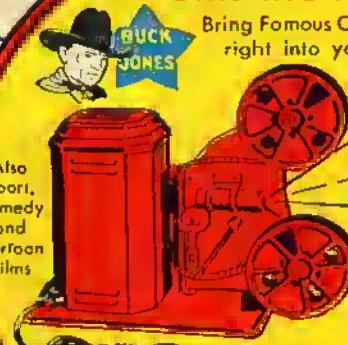


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